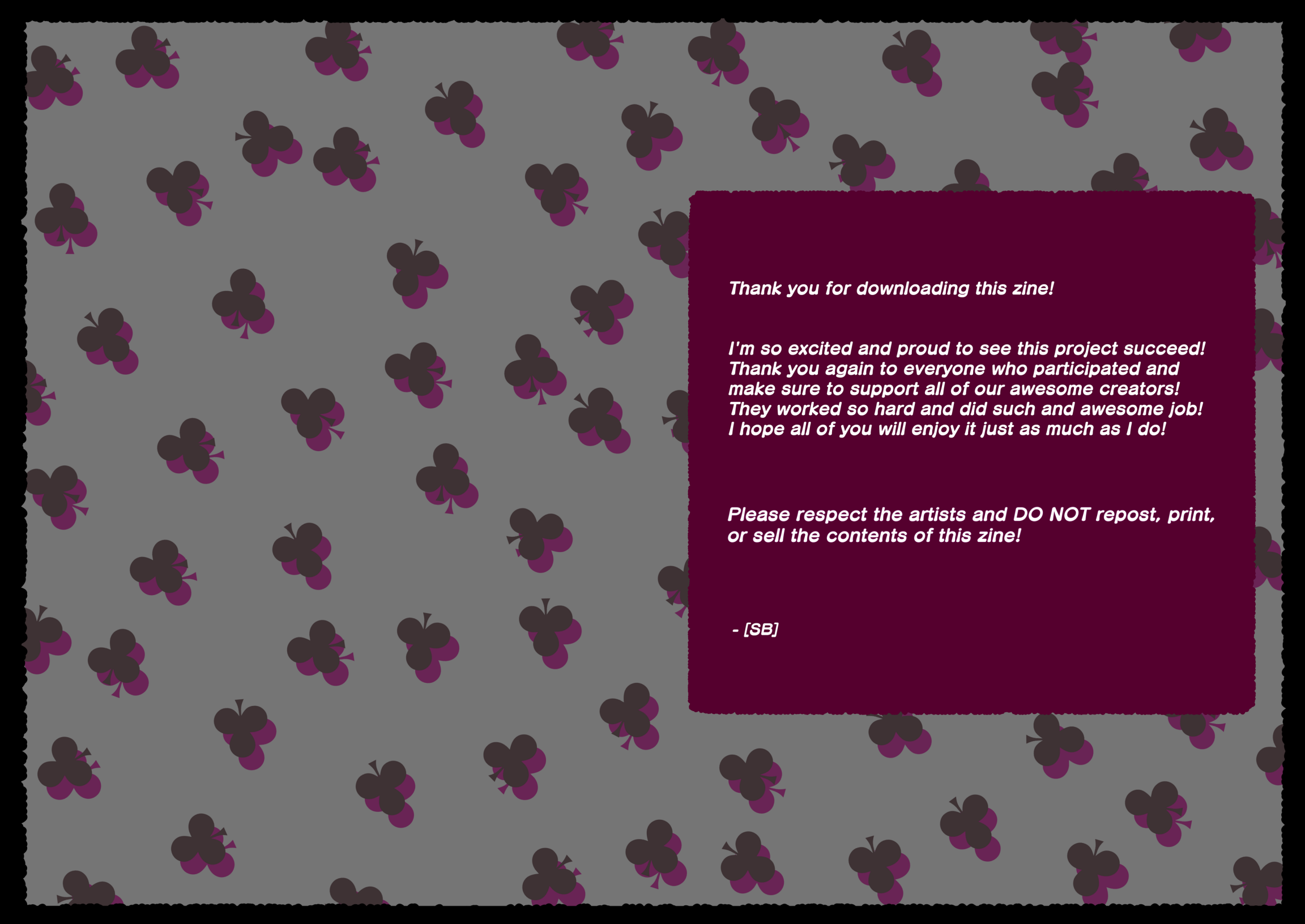




MEDDLE IN THE MIDDLE

AN AUSPISTICE QUADRANTS ZINE



Thank you for downloading this zine!

*I'm so excited and proud to see this project succeed!
Thank you again to everyone who participated and
make sure to support all of our awesome creators!
They worked so hard and did such an awesome job!
I hope all of you will enjoy it just as much as I do!*

*Please respect the artists and DO NOT repost, print,
or sell the contents of this zine!*

- [SB]

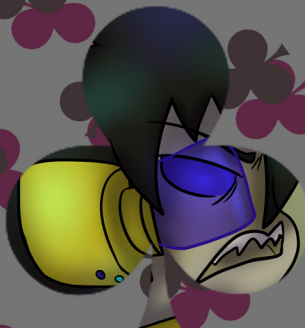
Table of Contents



pg 0
By: Miles



pg 6
By: Ifer



pg 7
By: [SB]



pg 30
By: [SB]



Ash Mario
pg 31
By: Ifer



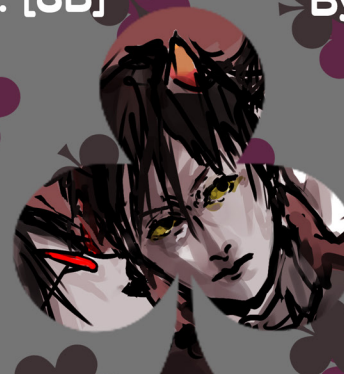
pg 37
By: Mewdusa



pg 8
By: Pheonix



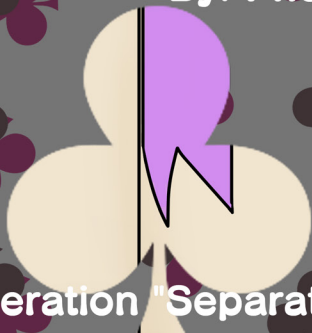
pg 9
By: Miles



pg 38
By: Miles



pg 39
By: Andy



Operation "Separation of
Church and State"
pg 10
By: Hope



pg 28
By: Liv



pg 29
By: Harper



#A6leist
pg 40
By: [SB]



pg 50
By: Liv



pg 51
By: Salem



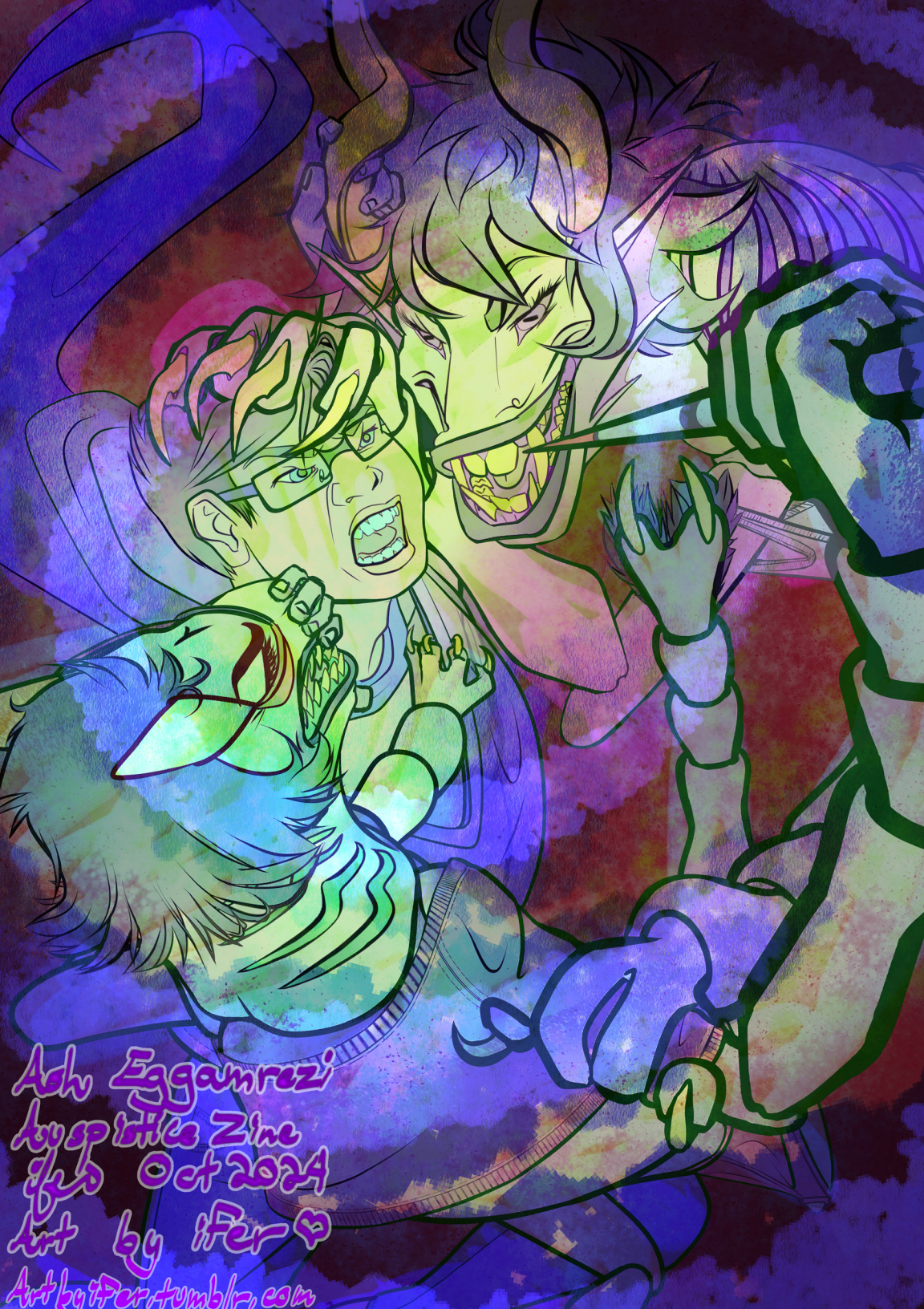
Downloadable
Extras
pg 52



Credits
pg 54



Game
Credits
pg 58



Ash Egganrezi
Lyspille Zine
Oct 2024
Art by iFer
ArtbyiFer.tumblr.com





Operation "Separation of Church and State":
A Diagnostic Notation on Terezi Pyrope and
Gamzee Makara
By Rose Lalonde

CW: Teenage Substance Abuse, Abusive Relationships
(By: hope)

[Echoing Footsteps.]

GAMZEE: HONK

ROSE: Ah, there you are. You startled me. I thought I had heard you in this area.

GAMZEE: honk

ROSE: Don't worry, no one who wants you dead is awake to seek you out at the moment.

GAMZEE: HONK

ROSE: I take it you know by now that your secret is out. Well, one of them at least. Regarding Terezi?

GAMZEE: yeah, i know

ROSE: Luckily for you, it seems Karkat has not inflicted any violence upon you like you had suspected?

GAMZEE: I ALL UP AND MOTHERFUCKING KNOW THAT ALREADY

GAMZEE: what do you want

ROSE: Well I actually wasn't sure how that exactly went down.

GAMZEE: WHAT KIND OF PALEBRO DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? WHEN A MOTHER FUCKER COMES AT ME WITH THE MAD RAGE I WAS ALL PRIMED UP FOR TO MAKE HIM

GAMZEE: see reason :o)

ROSE: I see. That wouldn't have been using the "chucklevoodooos" I've heard astoundingly little about?

GAMZEE: NO

GAMZEE: dont need it with him

GAMZEE: WHAT KIND OF MONSTER DO YOU TAKE ME FOR

GAMZEE: honk

ROSE: In all honesty, I haven't decided.

ROSE: Although perhaps it's my fault for trying to get to the bottom of someone so... Well, capricious.

GAMZEE: YOU GOTTA STOP USING ALL THOSE KINDS OF FUCKING VOCABULARY WORDS, SISTER

GAMZEE: i can barely understand you

ROSE: What? Capricious is in your-

ROSE: Never mind. I'm getting sidetracked.

ROSE: Karkat seems to be having difficulty finding you recently. Even Dave has noticed less of you than normal.

GAMZEE: IM NOT INTERESTED IN TALKING ABOUT THAT MOTHERFUCKER

ROSE: Fair enough. I suppose I am just confused as to why I have better luck finding you than the others.

ROSE: Seems like I run into you a decent amount. Especially if I am actually looking for you.

GAMZEE: i get found when i up and wanna get found and only for those i dont mind having a fucking chat with

ROSE: So It's because I'm a good listener? Really?

GAMZEE: AND YOU AINT A SORE SIGHT ON THE GANDER BULBS LIKE YOUR OTHER WICKED HORNLESS FREAK FRIENDS

ROSE: Ew.

GAMZEE: honk

ROSE: You aren't possibly-?

GAMZEE: HONK

ROSE: Right.

ROSE: Do you mind if I ask you more questions?

GAMZEE: i dont know what you up and want from talking with little old me

ROSE: I just want to ask you questions. At least before someone who wants you to die stirs from her slumber.

GAMZEE: THEN MOTHERFUCKING ASK MOTHER FUCKER

ROSE: You seem agitated. Why take my botherations if they're so tiresome?

GAMZEE: you arent worth walking away from, just a sick bitch sightseeing the garbage clown pile, not worth expending the energy from my weary ass strutpods

GAMZEE: MAYBE TESTING YOUR MOTHERFUCKING COURAGE

ROSE: I am not particularly scared of you. It wouldn't be brave to meet you in a dark hallway while everyone else is asleep if I were. It would just be foolish.

GAMZEE: you dont know no better

GAMZEE: MAYBE YOU NEED TO GET YOUR FUCKING LEARNING ON IN THAT OVERFED THINKPAN OF YOURS AND MOTHERFUCKING GET SCARED

GAMZEE: besides, what do you got against fools :o)

ROSE: Funny.

GAMZEE: HONK

ROSE: What can you tell me about your faith?

GAMZEE: once upon a time i woulda jumped outta my own carapace to go on and inform a sister about my mirthful goings ons and all... but now

GAMZEE: NOW YOU AND YOUR COMPADRES ARE GONNA FIND OUT THE MOTHERFUCKING HARD WAY

GAMZEE: and i got no more preaching to you nasty blasphemous creatures any longer

GAMZEE: YOUR TICKET TO THE DARK CARNIVAL IS MOTHERFUCKING

GAMZEE: paid for

ROSE: Alright.

ROSE: What can you tell me about your relationship with Terezi Pyrope?

ROSE: Preferably sparing any of the particularly gory details. Please.

GAMZEE: NOT MUCH TO SAY IF THATS YOUR CONDITIONS FOR WHATS GOOD FOR UP AND DISCUSSING

ROSE: Great. Perfect.

GAMZEE: purest black you ever did see my pryhappy sister

GAMZEE: AND TWICE AS GRUESOME

GAMZEE: hahahaha

GAMZEE: FUCK

GAMZEE: bitches who need all up and to get their kick on mirthfully speaking will read our hatestory and weep

ROSE: I see.

GAMZEE: NINJA TITTIED WHORE FROM HELL TOO, UP IN A TIGHT BOTTLE OF-

ROSE: If you wouldn't mind, we should probably wrap up. I think that's enough on that subject, thank you.

GAMZEE: honk

ROSE: You don't seem very... happy, with your current situation.

ROSE: I wouldn't be either if I were relegated to hiding in ventilation shafts for years. I don't have a question on the subject, I guess I am just a little surprised how a meaningful relationship with you even works. You and Karkat have been Moirails for quite a long time now, and my understanding is that the pale quadrant requires quite a bit of emotional openness.

GAMZEE: YOU GOT NO BUSINESS TELLING ME ON WHAT YOUR UNDERSTANDING OF ANY FUCKING THING IS

GAMZEE: you got no business pretending you can understand and thats alright

GAMZEE: GREATEST MIRACLE I EVER DID GET MY PEEP ONTO WAS THROWN INTO A FIRE AND IT WAS CALLED GOOD MOTHERFUCKING GRAVY AND ALL THE SHIT IN MY WORLD AINT NOTHING FOR YOUR KIND TO GET ANY SORT OF WORRYING IN YOUR SPONGE ABOUT

GAMZEE: were not built the same, you and me

GAMZEE: ME AND YOU

GAMZEE: we are just built for different things, and while youre getting yours

GAMZEE: ILL BE GETTING MINE

ROSE: Sigh. I will see you around Gamzee.

ROSE: Run along now. I can't hold off Kanaya for long.

GAMZEE: :o) honk

[Click.]

My name is Rose Lalonde, writing this document deep into our third and final year on our journey through the furthest ring.

The above conversation is one of a few dialogues I had and recorded with Gamzee Makara on the "night" prior to beginning my official attempts at Auspistizing between him and Terezi Pyrope. My decision to do so is not made lightly. I am well aware I am putting my hat into a ring I am quite alien to. However, from my current understanding of things, the consequences of my potential success in this process would be of great help. Besides, there is a wrinkle in our path to victory that needs ironing.

I believe it is responsible of me to mention the moral issue of recording my "clients" against their will, but this document will only serve to assist in my assessment of their situation as well as how to most effectively involve myself in it.

My evaluation of Gamzee Makara is that the majority of his symptoms (rapid mood swings, violent tendencies, narcissistic/self-deprecating behavior) are due to him having been raised in a cult environment and the fallout of some sort of revelation he had since living outside of said cult environment.

The specifics of his beliefs are largely unimportant and ridiculous, but I believe the majority of his behavior can be explained by this. He may also be subject to some sort of manic-depressive disorder, but I would need subject to some sort of manic-depressive disorder, but I would need to have more sessions with him to be sure. Obviously, the vulgarity and misogyny are not a result of any particular psychological illnesses... I'm pretty sure. I suppose I can't rule anything out at this stage. However, at present, I am working under the assumption that those are merely unpleasant personality traits. He is not a particularly pleasant guy to be around.

(Note: Revise diagnostic notation at some point. It feels off.)

I talked with both of them the next day. It is quite rare that I see them in the same room, I assume they like their privacy. They were grabbing something of Terezi's from the main lounge. I tried to insinuate my intent to mediate them... although I am not sure to how much success. They mostly laughed. Hearing them laugh together is... Unsettling. (Note: They were making fun of me for "dropping hits about being in an ashen relationship," more commonly referred to as "flirting." Try to keep up, past-Rose.)

It has been about a week. Not sure how much headway I have made here. Below is a recorded conversation with Terezi, as well as my thoughts on her and my goal so far.

[Click]

TEREZI: F1N3, Y3S W3 C4N T4LK, BUT 1 W4NT 1T ON TH3 R3CORD 1 KNOW YOU 4R3 R3CORD1NG M3 R1GHT NOW! YOU AR3 NOT SL1CK, ROS3!

ROSE: That is more than fair. I assure you this is for my own note-taking.

TEREZI: WH4T WOULD 3V3N B3 MY PROBL3M W1TH 1T? SHOULD 1 B3 WORR13D 4BOUT YOU G3TT1NG "DIRT" ON M3? NOBODY 3V3N H4S 4NY S3CR3TS ON TH1S M3T3OR 4NYMOR3!

ROSE: None of us but one?

TEREZI: >:/

ROSE: I doubt you are under any impression he tells you everything.

TEREZI: 1 SHOULD H4V3 GU3SS3D TH1S W4S 4BOUT YOUR GR3Y CRUSH ON M3. YOU 4R3 SO UNSUBTL3, ROS3.

ROSE: Okay, well, it seems I have lost any semblance of conversational upper hand here. Yes, I have been trying to... initiate that kind of relationship. I am struggling a little with how the dynamic is supposed to work, but I have a decent teacher.

TEREZI: YOU 4R3NT DO1NG TH1S L1K3 K4N4Y4 WOULD 4T 4LL

ROSE: Unfortunately I am a rebellious student.

TEREZI: LOL

TEREZI: 1 WOULDNT WORRY 4BOUT YOUR M3THODS, W1TH HOW MUCH YOUR 4TT3MPTS 4T "INT3RV13W1NG" US H4S GOTT3N 1N TH3 W4Y OF G4MZ 4ND 1 4CTU4LLY SP3ND1NG T1M3 TOG3TH3R TH1S W33K, 1D S4Y YOU'R3 PR4CT1C4LLY OUR AUSP1ST1C3 4LR34DY

ROSE: Wait.

ROSE: Really?

ROSE: Is that official?

TEREZI: UUUUUGH

TEREZI: ROS3, TH1S SUCKS WHY 4R3 YOU DO1NG TH1S?

TEREZI: WH4T, DO YOU W4NT MY P1TCH QU4DR4NT OR SOM3TH1NG? 1S TH4T 1T?

ROSE: No!

TEREZI: TH3N WH4T? 3XPL41N YOURS3LF

ROSE: You are a powerful player for our team. I want you in good condition. And it's clear to me this relationship is bad. Not just for you either.

TEREZI: TH3N WH4TS UP W1TH TH1S COUNCIL1NG 4NGL3? YOU 4R3NT 4CT1NG L1K3 YOU 4R3 TRY1NG TO G3T US 4W4Y FROM 34CH OTH3R

TEREZI: WH4T, DO YOU TH1NK YOU C4N "F1X US"? >:]

TEREZI: H4H4H4H4H4!

ROSE: Evidence seems to suggest... That may be possible. At least... Maybe him.

TEREZI: >:?

ROSE: When I look into our most fortuitous future and our path to getting there, he's present.

ROSE: Not dead, not lost.

ROSE: It's the main reason I have been trying to protect his life.

ROSE: Not the only reason, but the primary one.

TEREZI: OH. SO YOU TH1NK TH4T M3D14T1NG OUR R3L-4T1ONSH1P C4N... WHAT, P4C1FY H1M?

ROSE: I would assume that is Karkat's job.

TEREZI: YOU WOULD TH1NK

ROSE: It's less so that I think me being your auspistice will stop your relationship from driving our group into ruin... And more that I can't imagine any other way it won't.

TEREZI: Y3S, B3C4US3 YOU 4R3 SUCH 4 GOOD 3X4MPL3 FOR K33P1NG TH1S T34M WORK1NG W3LL, 4SSHOL3

TEREZI: YOUR W1SDOM KNOWS NO BOUNDS!!!

ROSE: Well. Alright.

ROSE: Since we are in some sort of romantic partnership here, I might as well tell you that it has been a while since I have been able to use my abilities as a seer. So I haven't been able to check the specifics of our path.

ROSE: I am doing my best with what I have.

TEREZI: TH4T SOUNDS L1K3 4 SK1LL 1SSU3

ROSE: Please. My headache is bad enough as it is without you yelling shrill alien gamer-speak at me.

TEREZI: 1 C4NT T3LL WH4T YOU W4NT H3R3 3X4CTLY

TEREZI: YOU S33M TO OV3R3ST1M4T3 TH3 4MOUNT OF INT1M4CY FOR TH3 QU4DR4NT, BUT DO YOU R34LLY THINK TH1S COULD B3 4 LONG L4ST1NG R3L4T1ONSH1P?

TEREZI: 1 JUST C4NT P4RC3 TH1S 4S 4NYTH1NG B3YOND YOU W4NT1NG 4N 4SH3N FL1NG WH3R3 YOU S1MPLY S3RV3 TH3 PURPOS3 OF BR34K1NG UP 4 R3L4T1ONSH1P 4ND TH3N 3ND1NG TH1NGS TH3R3

ROSE: You're describing a pretty typical result of ashen relationships, right?

TEREZI: NOT 4LL OF TH3M 4R3 L1K3 TH4T, BUT Y34H

ROSE: So it's a relationship that ends a relationship and then ends itself.

ROSE: Sounds more like something out of a card game than romance.

ROSE: Which, saying it out loud makes way too much sense. Thematically, I mean.

ROSE: But not all of them are like that, right? There are ongoing ashen relationships that continue to counterbalance a pitch pair in a more consistent arrangement?

TEREZI: Y3S

ROSE: Well. Consider this my announcement of intent.

ROSE: I am trying to be your auspistice. For the long haul.

ROSE: You and Gamz are- Ick. That nickname is so distasteful, I'm sorry. It didn't sound good coming from you, I don't know why I tried it.

TEREZI: M4K3 YOUR PO1NT, L4LOND3

ROSE: You and Gamzee are difficult. But each of you...

TEREZI: YOU R34LLY DO TH1NK YOU C4N F1X H1M, DONT YOU

ROSE: Terezi, I don't know how to explain it to you. When I talk to him, terrible though he may be... I think there is something in there. I think he could be saved.

TEREZI: W3R3 DOOM3D

ROSE: That's exactly why I'm here.

ROSE: And maybe he is!

ROSE: Let me try? What harm could possibly come from trying?

TEREZI: BL4RG

ROSE: What about you? You can't possibly be doomed, knowing what you are capable of.

TEREZI: 4R3 YOU TRY1NG TO B3 CUT3 NOW?

ROSE: Is it that odd to think that I genuinely care? That I want to see you get better? That I want all of us to live?

TEREZI: NO, TH3 L4TT3R MOT1V4T1ON TR4CKS

ROSE: I want this. I want to try this. I...

ROSE: Hold on-

ROSE: I'm-?

[Shuffling, muffled vocalization, click.]

This is when I ungracefully ended the recording by mistake when trying to kiss her. I say try, but the event did successfully take place. I may have some work to do figuring out the exact boundaries of an ashen relationship? Anyway, because I lost the rest of the recording, I will describe the events as professionally as I can. For those curious, no, I will not be attempting this stunt on the other side of this pair.

It is important to note, as an impartial recollection of the moment, that she kissed me back.

During the kiss I observed a bruise on Terezi's shoulder. I wasn't certain at the moment whether this was typical, resulting from standard fair black-rom... I didn't think to ask her in the moment. I probably won't ask her at any point. I think hearing a yes to that question would just make my stomach churn more. More than it already did.

I wonder if she could smell that my eyes were open... Oh well.

Terezi left without a word. Just waved goodbye and giggled. I couldn't bring myself to chase her down for a follow up.

My evaluation of Terezi Pyrope is that she experiences some sort of acute depression. A lack of her typical zeal for her interests and goals, increased amounts of irritability, sadness, and emptiness. If I had to bet, I would say that she is using her relationship (and the religious substances that come with it.) as a coping mechanism. Perhaps replacing some sort of relationship she lost recently? Although I don't really know who that would be. A lot of her friends died, I guess I shouldn't be surprised.

She makes a good point. At least on the level that I do not quite know what I am doing.

I suppose all I can do now is make a plan.

Plan panding.

...

Christ. It's been a month. Needless to say, I did not make a plan.

I didn't even want to look at this document again. Like any journal you fail to continually update, it's existence began to weigh on my soul. The only reason I've bitten this proverbial bullet is because I... recorded something again. Perhaps I can still use this to help in the process. At present, it's slow going. I've been acting as their Auspistice, intervening when I can. For the first time, two nights ago, they invited me to spend time with

them. I don't quite see the appeal of being in their mutual company... but this felt like I was doing something right. I felt like I was making progress. If they want me around, I may be able to keep the peace more consistently?

For the record, an ashen invitation is when your gray partners tell you explicitly about a date they are having and ask you not to be there under any circumstances. Either that or I am doing this wrong. Have we considered the possibility of both?

Unfortunately, some context is required for this audio. I wish I could trust my own mind to hold onto the details, but those are not the circumstances I find myself in.

The event was to be playing some sort of video game. It was a platformer, featuring multiple playable characters. It seems like it was designed by trolls to be some childish way to antagonize each other without resorting to violence. Or it was just designed as a precursor to it, who can say.

[Click.]

ROSE: Here we go.

ROSE: So, this is where you two run off to in your spare time? No wonder I never see you two at the same time, I needed to take three transportalizers to get here.

GAMZEE: me casa su casa bitches

ROSE: It smells bad in here. Does alchemizing air fresheners fall under auspistice duties?

TEREZI: UGH, ILL DO IT

ROSE: Somehow I doubt that. Although I'm sure this place doesn't do well on your heightened senses.

TEREZI: ...

TEREZI: 1TS 34SY TO F1ND

ROSE: Touché.

GAMZEE: HEY

GAMZEE: troll mario motherfuckers

ROSE: This doesn't look like any Mario Brothers title I've ever seen.

GAMZEE: WHO THE FUCK IS THAT

ROSE: Right. If your species doesn't have a concept of siblings, what is the game series called on Alternia?

TEREZI: 1TS C4LL3D TROLL SUP3R M4R1O BROS?

ROSE: Okay. What does the "Bros." stand for?

GAMZEE: terezi what the fuck is this bitch talking about

ROSE: Now that I think about it, you refer frequently to people as "brother" or "sister" affectionately. Where does that originate from?

TEREZI: ROS3, W1LL YOU JUST PL4Y TH3 FUCK1NG G4M3 4LR34DY?

ROSE: I'm just curious!

ROSE: I don't understand why none of you ever want to answer my questions about how our species differ. I feel awkward asking Kanaya, but you two I just can't get any straight answers out of!

ROSE: Anyway, let me play as Troll Mario.

GAMZEE: FUCK YOU

TEREZI: H3R3S TH3 F1RST PL4Y3R CONTROLL3R

GAMZEE: damn it

ROSE: Thank you Terezi.

GAMZEE: YOU AINT PICKING NO FAVORITES NOW ARE YOU?

ROSE: Maybe, but I think I've been pretty fair. You've been on... relatively good behavior?

TEREZI: >:/

ROSE: He hasn't even called me any slurs!

TEREZI: H3 C4LL3D YOU 4 B1TCH TW1C3!

GAMZEE: you dont mind it, i know you dont :o)

ROSE: Gross, anyway, I will allow him this one. I'm not sure I would feel okay trying to eliminate such a large portion of his vocabulary. What's next? The MF-Slur?

TEREZI: TH4TS NOT 4-

ROSE: Cultures change Terezi, perhaps it's time we leave such derogatory language behind us?

TEREZI: YOU OBVIOUSLY DO NOT B3L13V3 TH4T

ROSE: Not at present, no, however-

GAMZEE: GET OFF THAT FRUITGLUTTON MOTHERFUCK-ER

TEREZI: H3H3H3H3H3

ROSE: Hm, giving him a task seems to have given him something non-awful to focus on. Perhaps I should have considered some kind of hyperactivity disorder...

TEREZI: OH GOG, 1 THOUGHT YOU GR3W OUT OF D14GNOS1NG P3OPL3? YOU 4R3NT 4CTU4LLY WR1T1NG NOT3S ON US 4R3 YOU?

ROSE:

ROSE: No comment.

TEREZI: OK4Y, SO YOU 4R3, GR34T

GAMZEE: you aint writing nothing bout me are you? itd be a damn shame for all your fussnotes to all up and get wasted :o)

ROSE: Hm?

GAMZEE: ALLS IM SAYING IS

GAMZEE: those types of texts and things tend to find a way to get lost when no one is all up and ever gonna read them

ROSE: The notes are for me!

ROSE: If there were notes I mean. Besides, what makes you so certain no one is going to read these hypothetical texts?

GAMZEE: CAUSE THEYRE GETTING ALL KINDS OF LOST

GAMZEE: are you even listening

GAMZEE: YOURE COUNCIL MIGHT BE A BIT BETTER IF YOU GOT YOUR LISTEN ON AND OPENED YOUR HEAR-DUCTS A LITTLE

GAMZEE: get some motherfucking

GAMZEE: WISDOM

GAMZEE: about all thats up and happening in your sphere, sister

ROSE: ... Okay?

ROSE: I suppose I can listen to you more. That's not much to ask.

ROSE: I do try to be diligent.

TEREZI: H4H4H3H3H3H3H3

TEREZI: SUR3 YOU DO

TEREZI: 1 TH1NK YOUV3 B33N L4CK1NG 1N TH3 D1L-
1G3NC3 D3P4RTM3NT L4T3LY, L4LOND3

ROSE: Rude.

TEREZI: BOO HOO!

ROSE: I can't stand it when you get like this. It's a terribly child-
ish mode. I don't know what you're even trying to accomplish by
"gotchya"-ing me.

TEREZI: 1F YOU W4NT TO T4LK TO M3 L1K3 YOU KNOW
B3TT3R, OR 4R3 SOM3HOW B3TT3R 4T FUNCTIONING
TH4N M3, 1 JUST 3XP3CT YOU TO 4CTU4LLY TRY

ROSE:

ROSE: I never claimed anything like that, did I?

ROSE: If so I certainly didn't mean to.

GAMZEE: HEY, DONT GET ALL FUCKING WEEPY ON A
MOTHERFUCKER

GAMZEE: we just got our fucking game on, we got nothing at all
to worry about

GAMZEE: NOT YET

GAMZEE: we can just get our minds

GAMZEE: COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY MOTHERFUCKING

GAMZEE: placated

TEREZI: ...

ROSE: Oh, god.

ROSE: I can't-

[Click.]

At some point, Gamzee got out a bottle of faygo. I should
have fought the idea, but in a moment of weakness, I decided to
try it. I really wish I hadn't.

I was under the assumption that Alternian faygo is alco-
holic, but in reality, trolls just react to soda like humans do with
alcohol. As the two of them got drunk off their asses, I was stone
cold sober. It was miserable. The soda didn't even taste good. I
ended the recording when they grabbed the drinks.

I just. I couldn't stop it from happening.

I don't like being in a room with them how am I supposed
to actually fixch anything?

Why the fuck do they heven HAVE faygo on an alien
planet? It doesn't make any sence!

The implications alone are papently ridiculous. I mean,
what does this say from a consumerist-critical perspective? A
brand is a symbol, and it carries a lot of weight for one to not
only become ingrained in the human public consioucness, but
to transcend entire planets? Universes? Are our lives so defined
by these brands that sentient creatures simply cancot EXIST
without them to contextualize our realittities?

And why that? Why no Troll Coke, Troll Sprite, Troll
Sobe? Faygo isnt even good!!!

No exaggeration its the worst!!!! I think so at least,
though i aknawlage my bibises,

Why didnt i stop them?

All I wanted to do was cry and it sucked and

Terepi was so sad. :(

I don't know how I'm going to even TALK to them again after this.

I don't even want to write this anymore I

I guess I just won't? I lose aaaaaall the points

She even asked me if I was even ashen for her

And the craziest thing about it!!!! Is that I am! I felt it in my clubs

I think? I don't know, maybe I'm just an alien who doesn't know anything about it, but the pang in my gut I felt when she asked that... when I saw them get back to their toxic abusive shit and I felt powerless to do anything about it... I felt it.

It really did feel like ash, too. I didn't get the name before, but it's the only way I could describe it. Like I had turned to ash.

I wish I did. I'd rather that than the way I crumbled into dust all the same.

*dust.

(Not really tho, that would be fucking awful for everyone else.)

I wanted to help. I wanted to fix this, I want

I WANT that. I want to know why this sucks so bad, I want to feel the same way Terezi does so I can understand her for even a second, I want to know the secrets they keep from the rest of us

I

I have to. I have to I promised I said I would help fix this

I'm gonna keep using this diary, I'm going to make it work. I have to. There's no other path to victory. Probably.. I made a promise. I have to get through to them, I have to

I'm going. To try to think about something else and just.. Forget the last few nights.

Goodnight clubsjournal. See you when I see you.

ROSE: I tried!

ROSE: I tried, Kakaka.

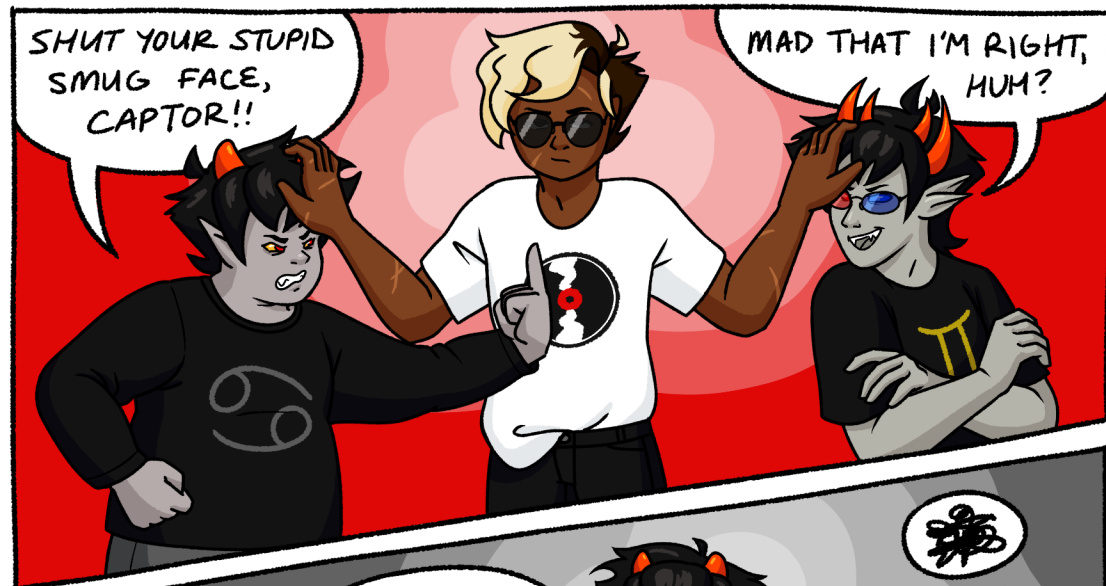
ROSE: But aushitspitschism... or whatever...

ROSE: Is's

ROSE: It's actually REALLY HARD!

KANAYA: I Know Its Hard!

KANAYA: Its Supposed To Be Hard!!





Ash Mario

What is the in-universe reason for the Mario Party games?

By: Ifer

For trolls, the answer is obvious. Mario Party, Mario Kart, Super Smash Bros, these are all logical extensions of the main series from a troll standpoint.

The reason they seem out of place in the Mario-fights-Bowser-Rescues-Peach main game plotline is that as humans we are missing a central detail that clarifies the throughline of that very dynamic.

You see, the Mario games are very clearly an ashen romance.

For those not in the know, ashen romance is a conciliatory quadrant based on an emotion that is translated to “hate” for both the grey and black quadrants, though that’s a rather poor localization for an emotion that really has no equivalent, and one that can make for a lot of misunderstanding. For instance, while a human might characterize “hate” as an emotion that drives them to avoid or destroy the subject of their enmity, the actual troll emotion involves a need to confront, challenge, and contest foremost, driving them to interact with and be around the target of their irritation more, not less.

The function of auspisticism is a social one, to keep society chugging along with whatever harmony is possible with trolls being as antagonistic and stubborn as they are. It is not simply to put a hold on extra-quadrantal black feelings, or





to stop a disastrous relationship in its tracks, but to give a trio of trolls a steady rock of mild antagonism, chastisement, support, and backup that will enable them to more reliably navigate life and society without inviting or inciting disaster.

The exact relationship between Peach and Bowser prior to Mario's involvement is fuzzy; popular theories are largely split between Bowser having pale or platonic designs on the princess, or having already known that his feelings were greyer in nature. If pale, the kidnappings are clearly an attempt to get her to conciliate; pap him down from his domination schemes. Either way, his actions are unarguably disruptive to the regular functioning of both the Mushroom kingdom and Bowser's own territory.

Two big monarchs in a tumultuous push and pull that's clearly not going to settle down any time soon? That's a powder keg. There's gonna be a war any time now. Someone needs to intervene.

In the distance: "It's a-me! Mario!"

Of course, he's gotta prove himself worthy of royalty, which is why the games are a big obstacle course of fighting through enemies and getting frustrated at the "princess in the wrong castle" bits. He is a simple plumber after all, and whether we are translating Bowser and Peach as bluebloods or violet or perhaps even fushia, it is clear that Troll!Mario will need to work hard and pull out all the stops to demonstrate that he

has what it takes to woo, sway, and reconcile these royals.

Hate is predicated on respect, after all.

And it is difficult to gauge which of the two is harder for Maario to romance. Bowser seems willing to fall into the antagonistic side of the relationship, readily becoming combative and adversarial and continuing the suit with additional abductions for Mario to thwart. And Peachi proves able to fill the mediator role just as well as Mario when the other two fall into conflict, often with them vying for her attention and approval.

While common fanon assumes that there will be one central middle leaf that always mediates between the other two, I contest that it is perfectly normal to have a more fluid or "rolling" middle leaf, where which two trolls are being curbed varies depending on the situation, likely at different intervals depending on the relationship and individuals in question.

So neither the instability of Mario remaining in the central role, Peach not displaying much hostility, nor Bowser failing to take up the pacifying indicate a fault in the partnership.

Anyway, eventually the courtship proves fruitful and then they start settling down into a more laid-back antagonism.





You see, I would like to posit that ashen feelings usually mature and mellow over time from the initial volatile podwer keg that requires immediate meditation into something more stable, And that in fact that is in large part the reason for the quadrant - to render the three of you more functional and less disruptive to each other and to your social sphere, helping to knit troll society into a smoother whole. One may be familiar with examples of the human media equivalent of this stage of the relationship, of which the comedic trio is perhaps the most well-known archetype.

You know the type: just as likely to get into shenanigans or get into each others way as to stop their partners from the same; as likely or more to knock each other over the head as to hug it out. They are annoying to both their other leaves and to all around them but they stick together like glue anyway. The three hyenas in the lion king, the three stooges, Ed Edd n Eddy, (Team Rocket I think is more likely in cahoots, especially if one elides Meowth). They're a unit, and they may only get marginally more done than they would apart, but they also survive when they might not solo and cause less disaster than any two of them would without their third. Or vice-versa, depending on the trio in question.

While any individual member of an ashen trio may or may not have been able to get more accomplished single, they would also be more likely to get into the kind of trouble that would end with themselves, or others, dead or maimed in an entirely unintentional manner. And they are just as likely

to be entirely stymied and ground to a stop if they are not in their specific field of expertise. Meanwhile when working as a trio they smooth each others' more raggedy edges and can get a more reliable if moderate amount of progress in any situation; with a more active and chaotic but less dangerous and disruptive sort of shenaniganry. They are irritated enough by their partners to nip their more stupid ideas and habits in the bud, and when they're in serious danger they have eachothers' backs to plow through the problem.

Even apart, a troll with their ashen quadrant matured is a more stable and reliable individual. Your leaves provide a healthy outlet of regular squabbling, support, and backup such that even without the presence of one or both they're better prepared to navigate the worst entanglements of troll society. And part of that maturation is proving to yourself and each other than you have reached that stage of growth. That you're a good fit for each other and that you have a functional unit with staying power.

Enter the party games: these are (on a massive scale here because royalty can afford that kind of grandeur) a pretty common form of ashen date at this stage of the relationship.

The auspistices throws a competition, and the goal for any ashen trio participating (kismeses and whoever else can also get a kick out of playing but that's a side-effect rather than the intent) is to prove able to compete just as well against or with a rando as against or with one of their other leaves, without things devolving into chaos.





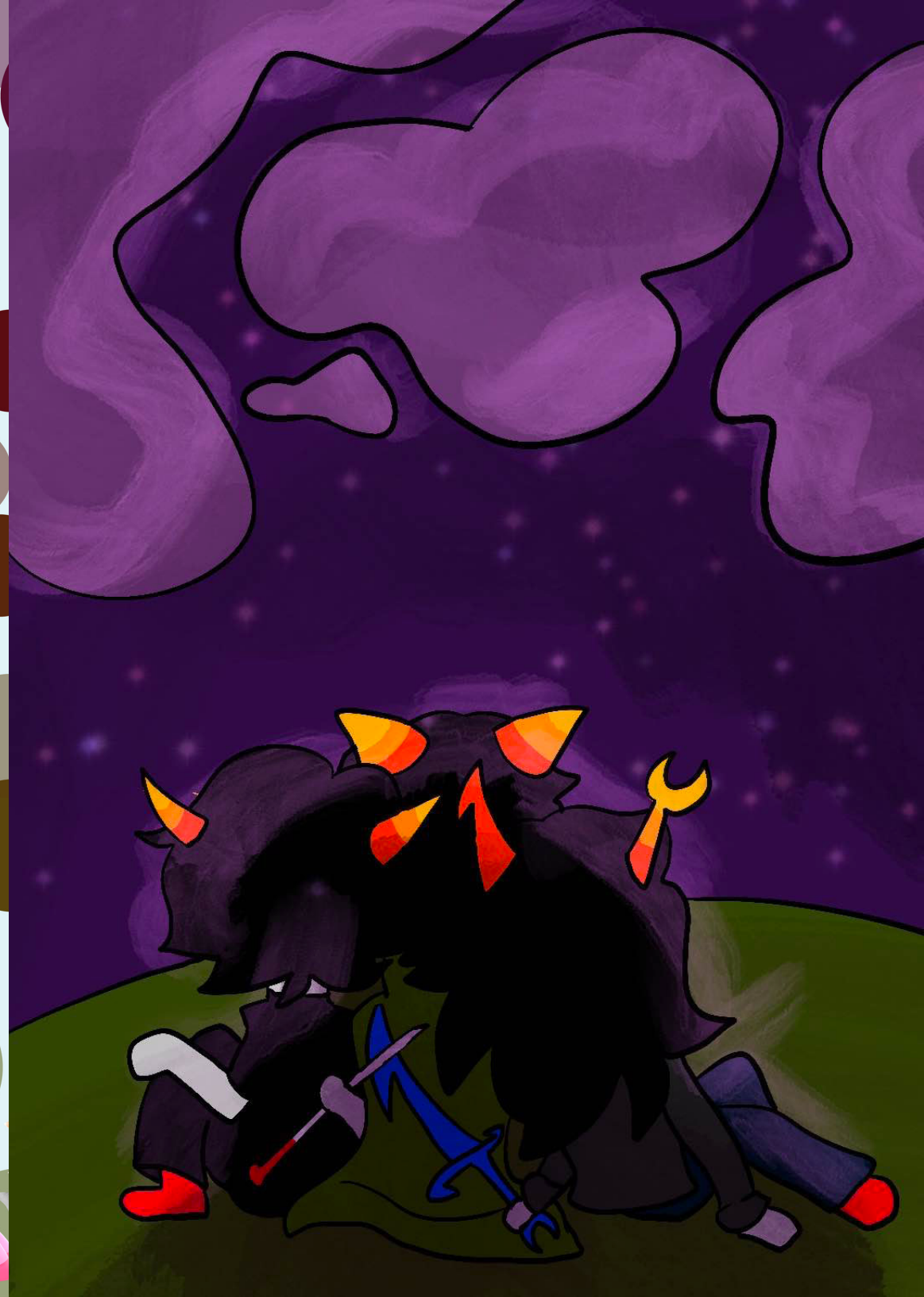
You've got to focus. You can't get distracted from the game's goal by getting into a rivalry mindset or by being jeered by an ashmate on the sidelines.

Can you get through this game without going ragemode?

Can you pay as much attention to both your leaf and a rando on the opposite team that you don't miss a cue from your teammate or get distracted by your leaf's feint and miss the rando's play?

If you can, you're proving to each other and the to world that your relationship is working.

Bonus: As for Luigi, my guess is that he is either in Cahoots with Mario, perhaps with the purpose of ending the feud between kingdoms even if he's not interested in the ashen component, or else he is Mario's Brother in the same way that Terezi was Vriska's "Sister," which seems like it may have been some kind of alliance/pact or a more permanent and official cahoots-ship. How does Gamzee's use of sibling terms fit into this? I really do not know, and that is outside of the purview of this essay besides. If you've got an idea on the deets, I would love to hear it!





#AGLELIST

By: [SB]

"Like, don't get me wrong John, I know she like, has to lick things to see pictures and stuff. But dude. The amount of slobber I have on all my stuff, is unreal." Dave makes some pretty serious eye contact with John through his shades as he leans back on the couch.

"Wha-"

"Dude, you don't understand. I was showing her the tumblr Obama roleplay and she like, grabbed my wrist and slobbered all over my phone and hand dude, like she basically deep throated my hand."

"Gross."

"Right?? Like let me tell you, saliva is incredibly unsanitary, especially if it's coming from Terezi considering I have seen her lick the literal ground. And like every time she's in the same room as me she always has to lick at least one of my things, like sometimes, maybe I just want my phone or my belongings to be spit free." He gestures with his hands vaguely as the light shining into the alcove is blocked briefly.

"Right? Like she keeps taking things out of my hands to stick in her mouth before putting it back in my hand." John nods thoughtfully, arms crossed.

"I cann9t 6elieve y9u tw9 w9uld h9ld such a6leist 6eliefs as cl9se friends 9f Terezi, and the fact that y9u tw9 w9uld have taken it up9n

#tumblr Obama roleplay #deep throating hands
#unsanitary #like dude

y9urselves t9 discuss y9ur grievances with9ut Terezi presence sh9ws that y9u d9 n9t respect 9r understand the reas9ning 6ehind her need t9 taste, w9rds, c9l9rs and imagery; which is h9w she c9mpensates f9r her disa6ility." Kankri was standing behind the couch with his arms crossed.

"Godfucking dammit" Dave mutters.

"Clearly, since y9u d9n't respect-" he pauses clearing his throat, "6ef9re I get int9 that, this may 6e a lecture t9 educate y9u and t9 help rectify previ9us shameful 6ehavi9r and negative 6eliefs, 6ut it's still imp9rtant that we d9 9ur 6est n9t t9 trigger either 9f y9u, as t9 d9 s9 w9uld 6e c9unter-intuitive t9 9ur discussi9n here. If y9u 69th c9uld just list all y9ur triggers if y9u kn9w them I'll d9 my 6est t9 av9id them." John looks as if he's about to start contemplating murder.

"Right, 9r I supp9se it w9uld 6e faster if I just tell y9u what I planned t9 tell y9u here, and if either 9f y9u at any p9int start feeling triggered y9u can say s9 and we can g9 fetch y9ur m9irail t9 pacify y9u and-" He pauses white eyes peering down at the two, "Unless y9u tw9 are m9irails? I d9n't want t9 assume anything 9f c9urse, that w9uld 6e insensitive 9f me t9 make assumpti9ns with9ut any s9rt 9f evidence 9r pr99f t9wards either p9ssi6ility. 6ut if that is the case that will make things easier since y9u c9uld step right in f9r each 9ther at the earliest sign 9f triggering t9 pacify each 9ther."

"Anyways, t9 c9ntinue with my p9int- I'm n9t sure h9w y9ur human 'Earth' deals with disa6ility and things 9f the like, 6ut it's n9t 9kay

#truly dum6f9unded 9ver here #tw #tw #a6leism
#trigger listing #tw #assuming quadrants

#tw #mind control #brainwashing #tw #lecturing

```
#gtfo of here with those tw #go away #leave it's rude
to interrupt #my ass #how do quadrants work again
#go john #the gloves are off #feel like i need pop-
corn over here
```


incredibly rude of me and I don't apologize if that was truly the case, but; That doesn't change the fact that I can't allow such problematic behavior to continue. The attitudes and behaviors I'm seeing here today are no way for true and proper friends of Terezi to act and to ensure that you remain good friends and not as potentially fake as these actions may lead me to believe it's important that we have these vital discussions about ableism and respect so that you no longer promote such undesirable behaviors."

"Oh my god." John groans, "Do you have any ears under all that hair or is your brain as thick as your skull?!" John pauses for a moment, "Or I suppose I should be asking if your hearing ducts are working or if your thinking pan is as solid as a rock." He leans closer, sneering at the troll again as he corrects himself to use troll terminology rather than human.

"How DARE you. I'll have you know, as an activist for those within the minority I pride myself in my ability to hear the voices of the ignored and overlooked and help them reach the ears of the masses. I am just simply trying to explain to you how your words and actions could be harmful to both you, your friendship with Pyrpe, and towards your other relationships." He crosses his arms again, a sneer rising, "but if this is the close-minded response I'm getting I clearly will have to dump it down a bit more, as obviously my current explanations are above the comprehension level of your microscopic, bigoted, thinking pan."

A rush of blood rises in John's face, "I am not stupid!" He throws his hands up, "I understand the bullshit you're spewing just fine! I. Just.

#maybe I can use my hammer to loosen up that brain of yours #will that make you go away #oh my god shut up #i don't care
#the audacity #harmful behaviors #humans and their tiny stupid brains

Don't. CARE!!!" He adjusts his glasses, "even if we were being Ableist or whatever! We were just chatting and you took like. 3 sentences out of context and used that as a fucking excuse to lecture us! And!! Even if we were being mean, Terezi LITERALLY wouldn't care! She usually takes insults as a challenge!"

"I mean one of the times John made a big deal about her licking his phone she took that as a challenge to lick all of his stuff." Dave chips in, "It was fucking hilarious."

"How you talk around Pyrpe when she's present to defend herself is her business, but that doesn't excuse your outright derogatory conduct. I could understand if Pyrpe was here to defend herself and you were making a joke out of it, but with Pyrpe it doesn't even qualify in the same department; and furthermore it doesn't even translate into the same language of a joke. Instead it's just mean and not even in a funny way."

John inhales to respond, anger rising higher in his features, but is cut off as Kankri continues, causing him to clench his teeth, air shifting around them in the small enclosure of the room.

"I have not gotten a chance to speak with most of the alternate Johns I have managed to spot out here, but out of all 8,923, you are by far the worst Egbert." Kankri hisses, "You lot are illogical, flippant, and irresponsible. Your pranks are either in poor taste or are even too basic to surprise even that of a wriggler. I mean, what kind of wriggler-menting child harming vulgarian thinks throwing a quadrilateral lactose made slice up a wrigglers face is the pinnacle of comedic effect" He waves his hand before pressing a finger into John's chest.

#UGH #I DON'T CARE #you don't speak for Terezi
#everything he touched was wet. #with saliva
#genius

“Furtherm9re, c9mparing the 6,472 s9-called ‘pranks’ that I have witnessed versi9ns 9f y9u partake in Y9U, Eg6ert, are the w9rst. Y9ur pranks are alm9st always disdainful in preference and nature and 9verall, can 6e interpreted as d9wnright reprehensi6le with n9 c9n-siderati9n f9r the victim in questi9n’s em9ti9nal state.” He inhales as wind starts to circle the circumference of the room, “even if Terezi supp9sedly appreciates y9ur h9rrrend9us sense 9f hum9r, she is n9t here t9 enj9y it 9r fr9wn up9n it. I’ll simplify my w9rds en9ugh f9r y9ur thick-as-tw9- sh9rt-w99den-planks human think-pan t9 fully pr9cess and c9mprehend my meaning. Y9u are n9t funny J9hn Eg6ert. N969dy thinks y9u are funny. Y9ur j9kes are n9t funny. Y9u are just a depl9ra6le, nasty human wh9 likes t9 pretend at a friendly, carefree demean9r when really he just wants t9 96serve the repercusi9ns 9f the unfunny cha9s y9u s9w.”

John’s face has turned rather comedically red, like a cartoon character, which would be hilarious to Dave if not for what happened next. An outright squall was tearing apart the alcove around them, ripping books off shelves, and picking up even cushions and hardback books swirling like very hazardous debris.

John steps closer to Kankri, closing the distance between them to almost nothing. “You know NOTHING about me.” His fist balls into the top of the troll’s turtleneck, lifting him up slightly. “You are a pretentious little fucking bastard who thinks the world revolves around him and that all your awful friends, and all of us should worship the fucking ground you walk upon because- what? Your opinions are

#I c9unted every J9hn I’ve sp9tted #th9ugh m9st have 6een s9 6rief as I was 9therwise indispi9sed and was una6le t9 keep track 9f any pranks they might have 6een enacting. #fr9wns here fr9wns there #fr9wns all ar9und #its fr9wn t9wn in here #y9u are a piece 9f shit and n9ne 9f y9ur friends can see it

all objectively right and that the only way any of us can be good people is if we hang on your every word? I don’t fucking think so.” The wind whips around the two and Kankri’s eyes widen, gasping as he’s lifted off his heels.

“You can’t even get your so-called friends to listen to you, I mean, little miss mini fish hitler literally killed you and all your friends on a whim. And yet you still keep talking and fucking talking. Well I call bullshit. You act like you care about them, and their feelings, but I think you just like to hear yourself talk.” Kankri has grabbed onto the arm John’s suspending him with as both their feet have left the ground. He looks furious still, but it’s overshadowed by the fact that the downright tornado around them is literally ripping the breath out of his throat. “You are an aggravating piece of shit. Your voice fucking grates on me and everyone would be a lot happier if you just shut up.”

“Oh fuck.” Dave grabs John’s arm, attempting to both get his attention and separate them as the wind outright rips his shades off his face. “John, buddy, bro. I need you to calm down.” John’s eyes are focused fully on Kankri as if he can’t even hear Dave. “John dude. You gotta stop. You’re gonna-” he pauses for a moment glancing at Kankri, “well you’re probably going to kill him if you don’t stop.”

A vicious grin rises on John’s face. “Good.”

Dave inhales sharply, “goddammit John.” Dave raises his arm, letting go of them as his sword appears. “That’s it then.” With a downward

#don’t act like you know me #like you’re one to talk #how any oxygen reaches your brain with all the flapping your mouth does is the real mystery here #try lecturing me now asshole #just die.
#oh shit #fuck #can ghosts die twice? #don’t make me do this bro

strike, His sword slices the air where John's arm had just been, which would have cut it in half at the elbow had he not moved. John jumps back, hood against the wall with an enraged expression on his face. Kankri on the other hand crumples to the ground like a marionette with its strings cut, gasping and hacking as he finally manages to finally drag some air into his lungs.

Dave leans over, resting a hand on the troll's shoulder as he checks on him. He'd probably be fine. Sword still raised, he meets John's eyes. "Why don't we go somewhere quiet and put on Con Air and calm down."

Mouth twisting into a frown, John clenches hands. "Last I checked you hate that movie, and we've already tried that." He waves his arm gesturing to what remains of the alcove. "Wasn't as quiet as we thought it would be, was it?"

"No no." Dave shakes his head, "I guess it wasn't. But hey, why don't we go find a dream bubble with a memory of your house? We can raid the fridge and watch all your favorites. And man, you know I'm all about that irony, I wouldn't have found you that stupidly expensive rabbit if I completely hated that film." He steps closer, having closed half the distance between them. "Come on, this guy isn't worth it."

John's shoulders drop a little as he thinks it over, wind slightly slowing down. He takes a deep breath, "... Fine." He decides, crossing his

#if i hear one more word from your shitty mouth #I hope you're ready to rewatch it #like #a lot.

#Con Air is like #in my top 20 movies bro #that rabbit was NOT cheap man

#...

his arms, looking away from the both of them. "But we're not finished here." He shot a glare at Kankri who was still on the ground.

"Sweet alright come on then." He throws an arm over John's shoulders, trying to quickly steer him out of the room. "I'm really sorry to leave you like his Kankri, but maybe if you wanted, we could calmly resume this discussion at a later date and like, talk like civilized people."

John leans over Dave's shoulder as he's dragged away, sneering. "Yeah sooo sorry, perhaps we could call your moirail to help pacify you. If you had one."

Dave kick's John's leg as he shoves him ahead. "Stop that." He glances back one more time. "Really am sorry about all this dude. He's not usually like this. If we pass one of your friends on the way out like that Maryam chick we'll send them your way, 'k?" With that he shoves the complaining and aggravated John out the door and into the hall, disappearing down its length.

#move along dude #do i have to separate you like misbehaving children #do you need a timeout in the corner with the dunce hat john #i mean come on man

#maybe your stupid celibacy or whatever is just a lie you tell yourself to hide the fact that your such a sad unlikable troll that nobody would want to ever date you #fuck the vantas's

#... #..... #never again #tw

BLACK TACT



Olivergrace



To: _____

Auspistice Valentines

-Hope & [SB]

To: _____

Our puzzle is
missing a piece.
Will you be our Auspitice?

From: _____

Me and my *bitch wife* saw you
over the bar and we think you'd be
perfect to fix our marriage,
What do you say?

From: _____

To: _____

You both fucking suck,
I'll be your Auspitice?

From: _____

To: _____

We see clearer
with you around.
Will you be our Auspitice?

From: _____

To: _____

We'd be doomed
without you.
Will you be our Auspitice?

From: _____

To: _____

They're the judge, I'm jury.
Will you be our executioner?

From: _____

To: _____

Please fix this.
will you be our
restraining order?

From: _____

To: _____

Lets make this work.
May I be your Auspitice?

From: _____

To: _____

... We might need help.
Will you be our Auspitice?

From: _____

To: _____

God, I fucking **hate your vibes.**
Press **(A)** and then shake the
Wii Remote to do a **Spin Jump**

From: _____

To: _____

Hey, I just met you,
and this is crazy,
but here's my trolltag...
y'all need me, baby.

From: _____

To: _____

Clean up on aisle you-two.
Can I be your janitor

To: _____

Am I gonna have to haul the two
of you out here by your horns?

To: _____

You're pretty Good.
Wanna score a Bad and an Ugly?

From: _____

To: _____

I'm a tank, they're DPS.
Won't you be our support class?

From: _____

Credits



Miles



mythsoil

Hope/Jade
hopeyMage



Salem



catgirlweed



x_clownenergy_x

Andy/Bambi

<http://linktr.ee/andyartistics>



Harper/KK



dualitysdownfall



ghostedglitch

Mewdusa / Malerie
doctormpractice



mewdusa(spacehey)



Liv



candycorncremator



Cronus/Sheriff



zebruh

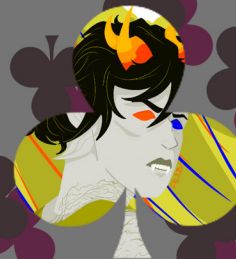


Ash



Johnstrider
girlpire (on
everything else)

Caleb
falseconductor



Sollux
Siren_Cosplay



Jonaya
jonayariley



Credits



Dal/WildCard
(toyhouse) DalastorRadio
DalastorRadio

Pheonix
moonlit-minuet 
moonlitminuet 



Jax!
 Jimposts
 Jaxydraws

Horror
h0rr0rh3rmit 



Ifer
 ihasafandom
   artbyifer

Serp/SB/Rhys
brainwashfalls 
serpentsBreakdown
(all other medias)



Downloadable Add-On's



Desktop
Background



Banner & Matching Avatars





Three's a Crowd

Prologue &
Epilogue
By: [SB]

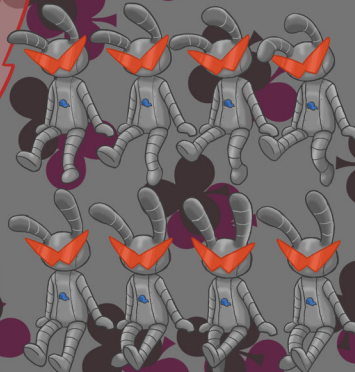


Music
Shelter
By: Horror



Programming
By: Jonaya

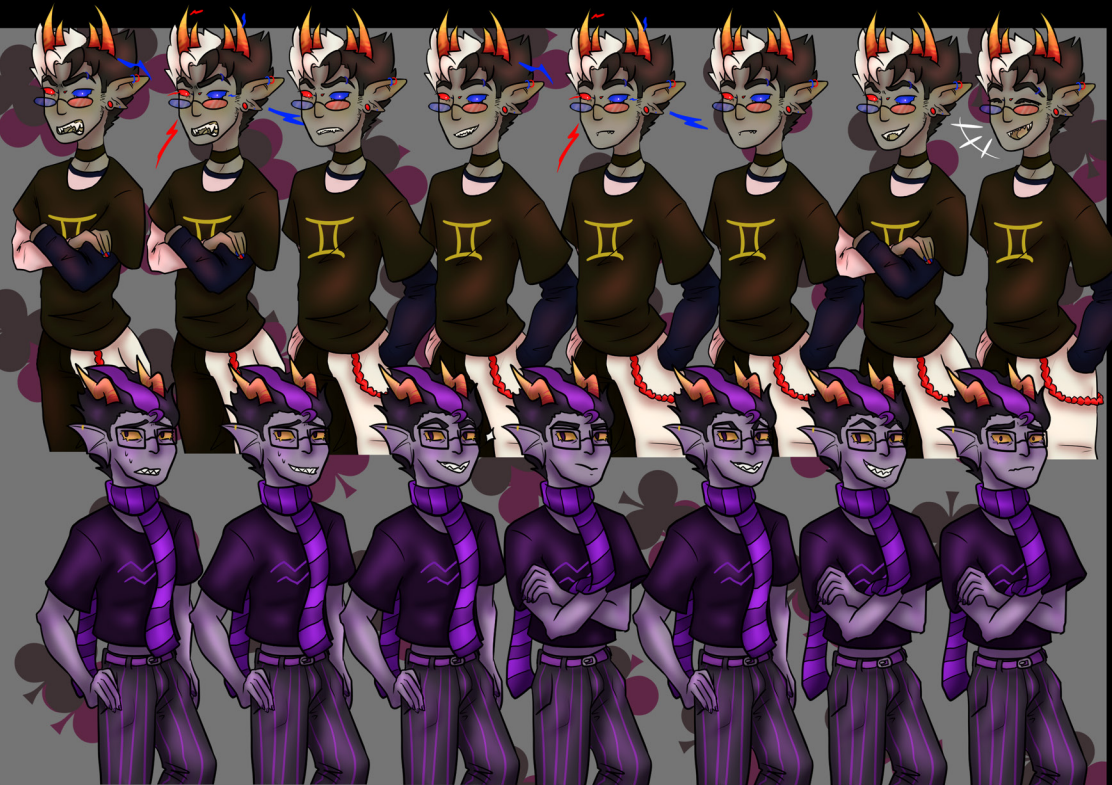
Art
By: SB



2hitty fiilm2 and wweak compriimii2e2

Sprites &
By: SB

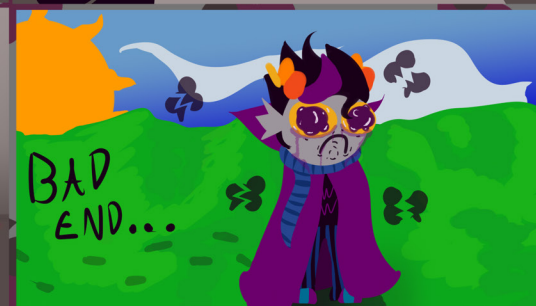
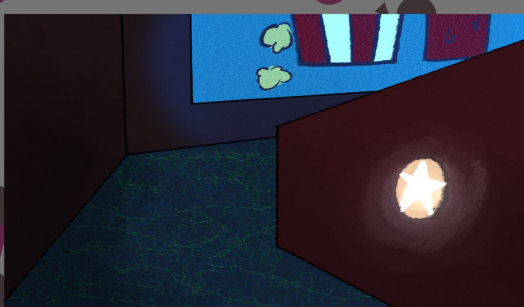
Writing by:
Sollux



Backgrounds By: Pheonix

End Cards By: Sheriff

Music
Bane of Decapods &
Dave of Davepods
By: Horror



I Beg Your Pardon

Backgrounds By: Caleb

End Cards By: Mewdusa

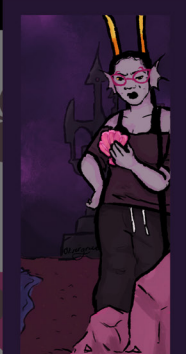
Writing by: Jax!

Music

Anti-arachni-anamniote

By: Horror

Sprites & By: Liv

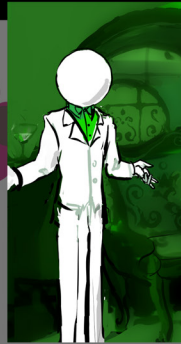


Three's a Crowd

Writing by: Hope

Backgrounds & By: Miles

Music
Recrudescence
By: Horror



End Cards
By: Dal



Sprites By: Salem



Sprites, & Cookies, & Puppets, Oh My!

Bonus

Writing by: [SB]



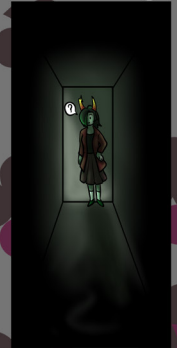
Art By: [SB]



Taste of Ash on Your Lips

Routes

Writing By: Jonaya



Assets from
Friendsim2



End Cards
By: Pheonix

